TENTH EDITION

TO
Miſs C. Bruce.

BEN BOLT

BALLAD

Composed by

NELSON KNEASS.

Nº 1138 PIANO 38 Cts nett Nº 1371 GUITAR 25 Cts: nett.

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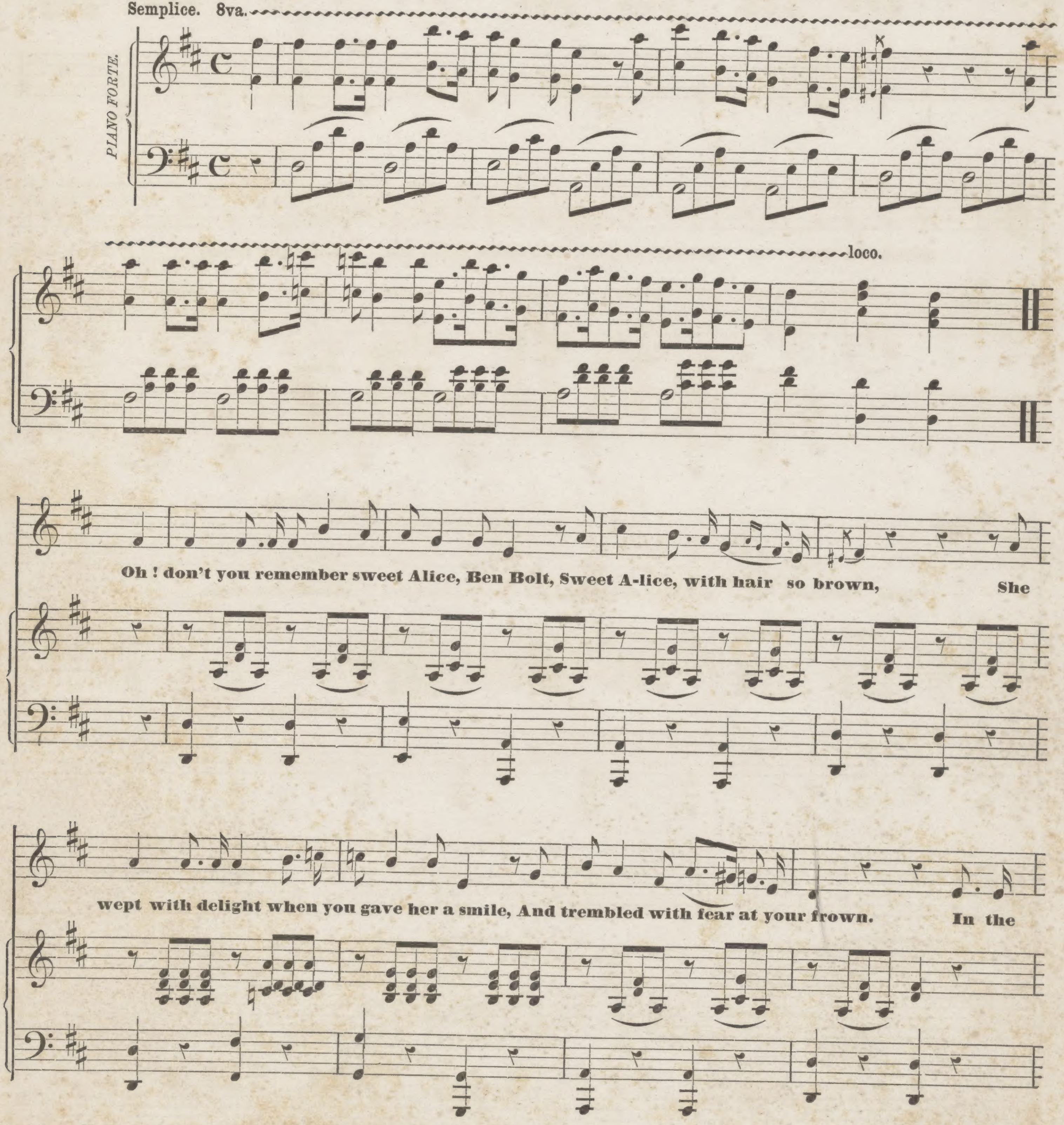
TWENTY-SEVENTH EDITION.

BEN BOLT.

OR, "OH! DON'T YOU REMEMBER?"

As sung by J. H. McCann.

The Music by N. Kneass.


Semplice. 8va.
PIANO FORTE.
loco.
Oh ! don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt, Sweet A-lice, with hair so brown, She
wept with delight when you gave her a smile, And trembled with fear at your frown. In the

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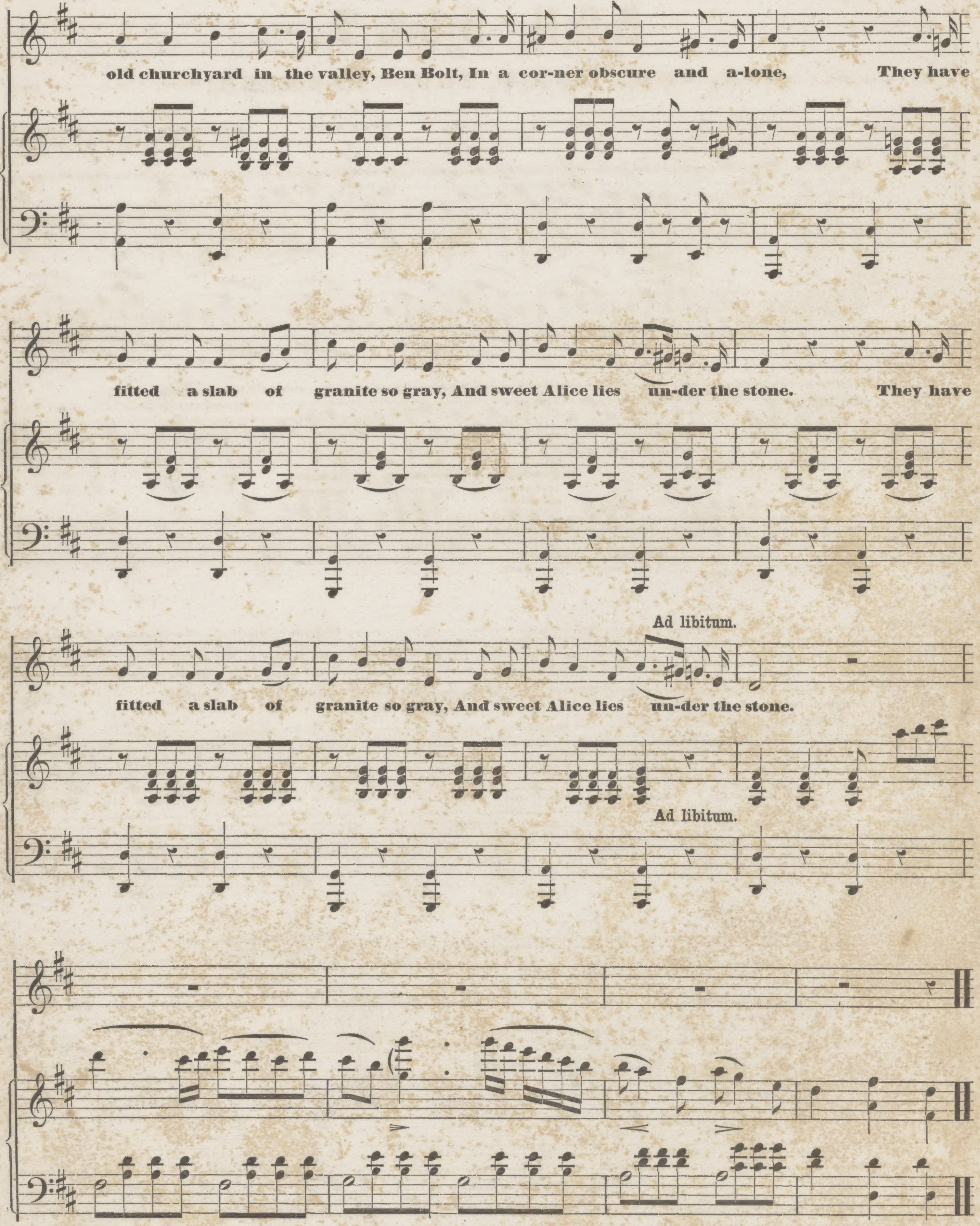
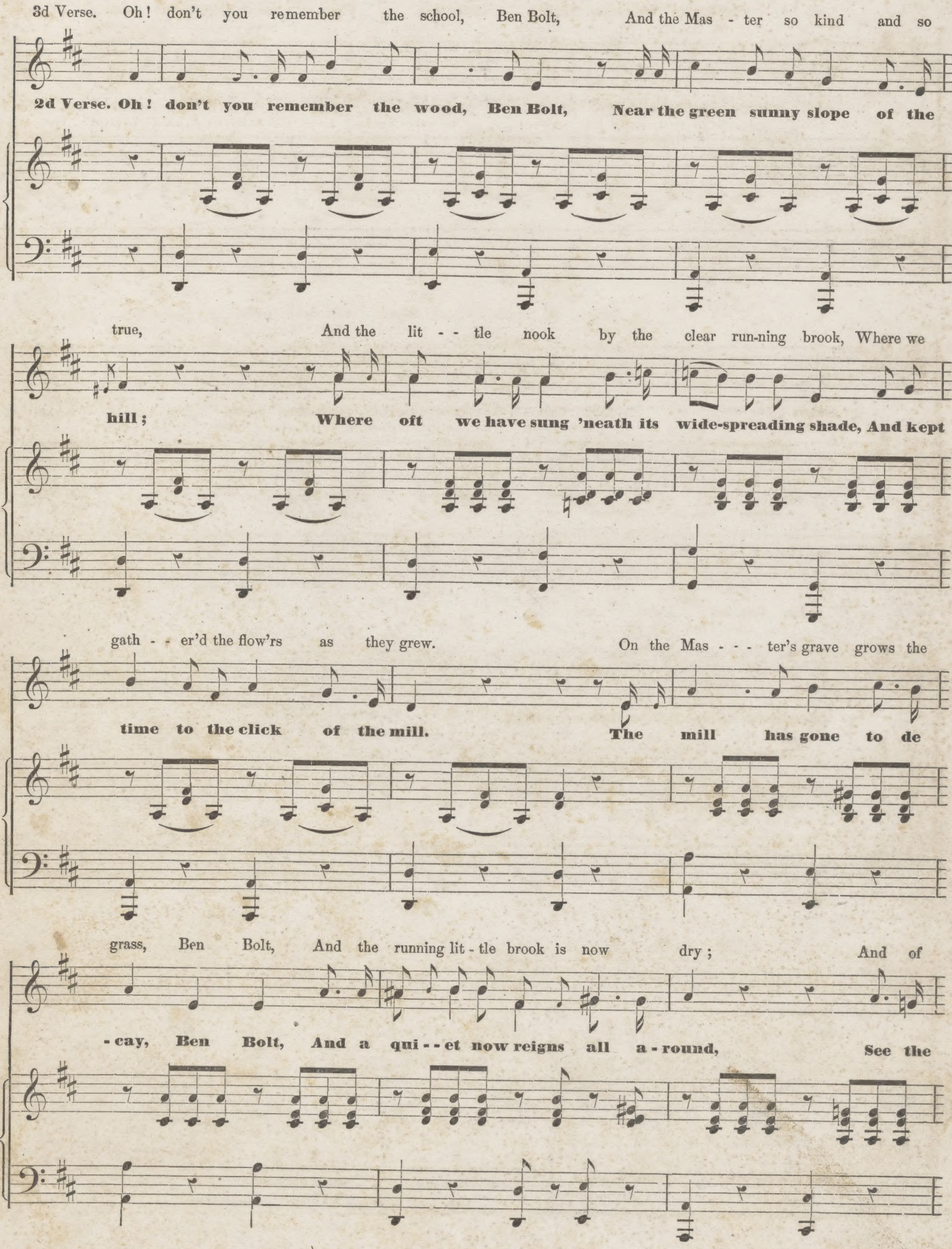
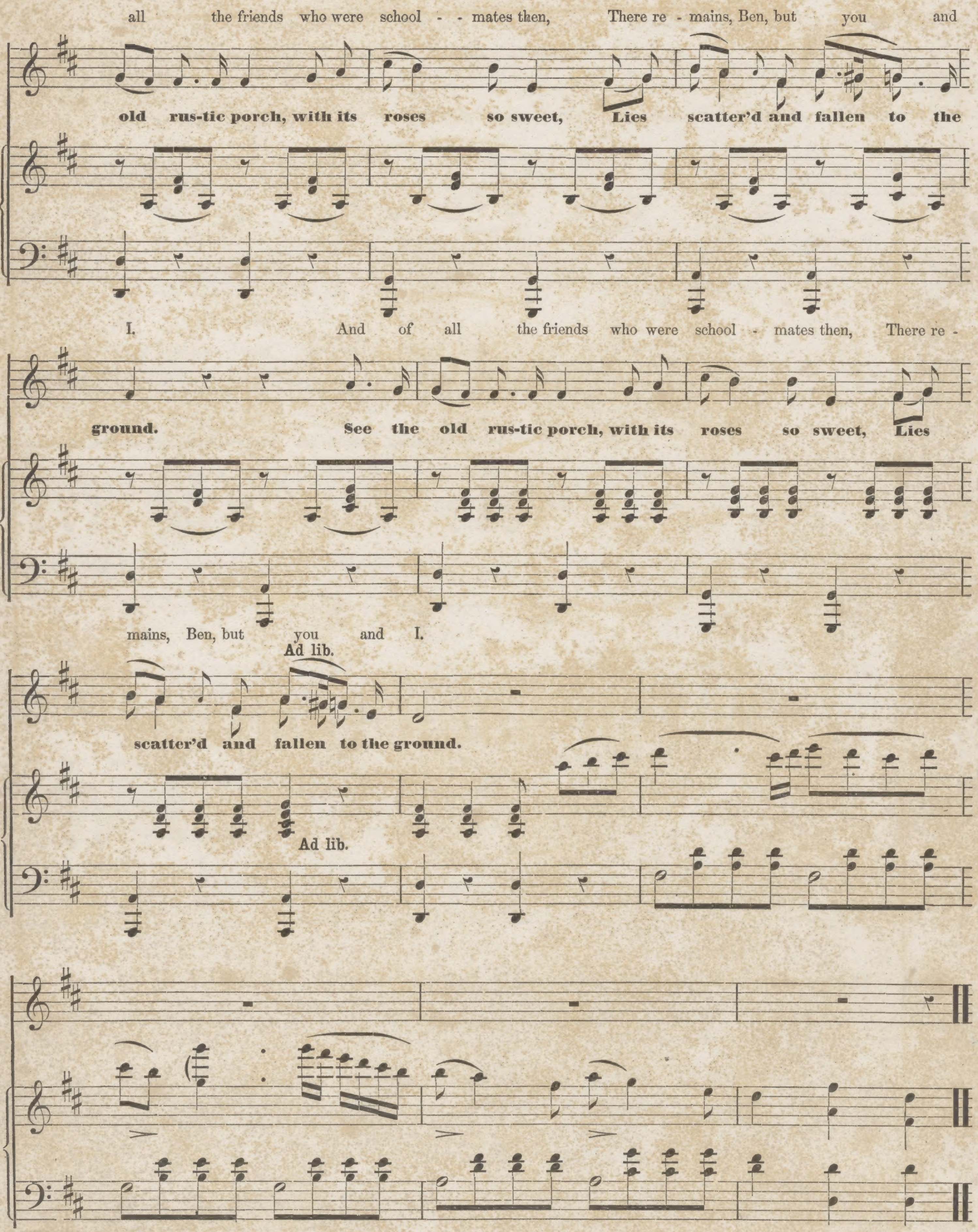

old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt, In a cor-ner obscure and a-lone, They have
fitted a slab of granite so gray, And sweet Alice lies un-der the stone. They have
Ad libitum.
fitted a slab of granite so gray, And sweet Alice lies un-der the stone.
Ad libitum.


3d Verse. Oh! don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt, And the Mas - ter so kind and so
2d Verse. Oh! don't you remember the wood, Ben Bolt, Near the green sunny slope of the
true, And the lit - - tle nook by the clear run-ning brook, Where we
hill; Where oft we have sung 'neath its wide-spreading shade, And kept
gath - - er'd the flow'rs as they grew. On the Mas - - - ter's grave grows the
time to the click of the mill. The mill has gone to de
grass, Ben Bolt, And the running lit - tle brook is now dry; And of
-cay, Ben Bolt, And a qui - - et now reigns all a - round, See the


all the friends who were school - - mates then, There re - mains, Ben, but you and
old rus-tic porch, with its roses so sweet, Lies scatter'd and fallen to the
I. And of all the friends who were school - mates then, There re -
ground. See the old rus-tic porch, with its roses so sweet, Lies
mains, Ben, but you and I.
Ad lib.
scatter'd and fallen to the ground.
Ad lib.